

IN RIFLE MATCHES

But College Boys Don't Get Enough Practice

HARVARD AND YALE TRY

Several of the Universities in the West Have Recently Affiliated With National Rifle Association—Much Enthusiasm is Shown.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8.—The entry list in the inter-collegiate rifle shooting match, which took place at the Wakefield, Massachusetts range, June 20th, was somewhat disappointing. Only four institutions were represented, Harvard University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Pennsylvania, and George Washington University. A team had entered from Yale but did not appear.

The question naturally arises, why is it that so little interest is taken among colleges in this branch of sport and it does not take long to discover the main trouble. It is a lack of facilities for practice. The students of Yale must depend upon the courtesy of the National Guard authorities of New Haven for opportunity to practice on the National Guard range. As this range has been fully occupied by the national guardsmen for sometime past the Yale team was unable to secure preliminary practice to warrant their entrance in the competition. The marksmen of Columbia College, which won the Inter-collegiate indoor competition last winter, have no place for practice since the Creedmore range was closed. Consequently they were also out of the game this year. Cornell is in the same position since the issue to their cadet battalion of the new army rifle. The use of this arm has been prohibited on their old range as being unsafe owing to the increased velocity. Princeton had a good rifle club and was the winner of the Inter-collegiate Trophy in 1905, its first year in the competitions. They were then using the National Guard range at Princeton. This privilege was later withdrawn with the result that the Princeton rifle club went to pieces and thus ended rifle shooting in "Old Nassau."

Another handicap to the colleges and universities in excellence in

marksmanship is the difficulty in procuring arms and ammunition, which cannot be issued to them under the law. It is therefore necessary for the students to purchase their own arms and ammunitions, which makes rifle shooting to them an expensive luxury.

It is doubtful whether the rifle teams from Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania and George Washington University would have participated in the tournament had it not been for the fact that a majority of their members were also members of the National Guard and received their arms and their practice through this membership.

The Wakefield match was won by the George Washington University team with a score of 725. Five points better than four. The day of the match was bright and sunny with the temperature rather high, although this was tempered by fitful gusts of wind across the range from the left. This made holding very difficult, especially at 200 yards. The winning team shot with the Krag rifle, and the University of Pennsylvania team, which was second with a score of 687, shot with the new Springfield rifle. Harvard, using the Krag, came out third with a score of 687. The team from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which finished last, was unfortunate in having lost two of their best marksmen, who had departed for their homes. They were also handicapped in having the model Krag with the 1901 flat sight. They used Frankford reloaded ammunition, issued to them by the Government.

This match between the colleges was inaugurated in 1905 by the National Rifle Association of America, which offered a handsome trophy to be competed for annually. The contest was held that year at Sea Girt, and won by the Princeton team. In 1906 the trophy was captured by the George Washington University team. There was no contest for the trophy in 1907.

Several of the Universities in the West have within the last year organized rifle clubs and affiliated with the National Rifle Association, so that it is probable that by another year new clubs will compete in the inter-collegiate match which may result in the trophy going to the West, for the first time since it was established.

With the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, but one month and a half distant, military marksmen throughout the country are daily practicing on the ranges in competition for places on the teams which are entitled to participate in this great military tournament. If reports received here can be taken as a criterion,

the scores this year will be in excess of those at previous matches. From almost every range the news comes that great numbers have qualified as marksmen and that the scores are almost perfect. One of the most remarkable scores is that of Capt. Stewart A. Wise, ordnance officer of the Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts National Guard, who made 70 consecutive bullseyes at the Bay State Range. At 600 yards he scored 51 bullseyes, and 10 at 1000 yards and 9 at 800 yards, all in succession. His tenth shot at this last range struck on the ground in front of the target and the miss was laid at the door of "poor ammunition."

Much enthusiasm over rifle practice is being evidenced in the State of Pennsylvania, the National Guard authorities there placing this feature above all other work. Many of the company captains have offered trophies and cash prizes for excellence in rifle practice this season, with a view of stimulating and keeping up the interest.

A Pet Bear.

Bears unless hungry or abused are good natured animals and make amusing pets. "When I was in the revenue service at Alaska," said a lieutenant, "we had a pet bear on the boat, and we called him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross-trees, going up hand over hand by the ratlines. One day he ventured out on the yardarm, and there he stayed. We had to get a rope and haul him down. Once he vaulted over the head of our Chinese cook and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. We had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pug, and we would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and, although he sometimes disobeyed, he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, we would look in the dark till we saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes and gave him away every time."

She Carried a Parcel.

The laugh is on one of the attendants at the Congressional library at Washington. One of the rules is that no one shall be allowed to carry a parcel of any kind into the building. One day a tall young woman appeared at the door, and when the attendant saw that she had a parcel under her arm he told her that it was against the rules for her to take it with her. She demurred and pronounced the rule absurd. There were certain parcels that people should be allowed to carry with them, and so forth, and so forth. But the man insisted that he must enforce the rule and that she would have to leave the parcel with him until she came out. That settled it. The young woman deliberately opened the parcel, took from it three pairs of black stockings that she evidently had just bought, and hanging them over her arm, she gave the attendant the paper in which they had been wrapped, saying: "There, please keep that until I come out. I have no parcel now."—Chicago News.

What Audiences Believe.

The light suddenly went out during one of my performances in Waterbury. A panic was in prospect. However, I shouted out: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to perform a most marvelous trick. I have here a lemon; but, of course, you can't see it. I am about to cut it in two and bring out of it an elephant!"

The audience settled down. Squash! I cut the lemon. "And now," I said, "the elephant has gone. It has walked off the stage. But, of course, you can't see it, but that doesn't matter."

Sure enough, there was heard a slow, shuffling sound quite appropriate, although it was made by the fat stage manager, who was shuffling across the boards in his slippers. The light returned, there was much applause, and all was well. The next day a man stopped me in the street and said he considered that trick the most marvelous he had ever seen and would I be giving it again that night! It's true!—Horace Goldin in Cassell's Magazine.

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DO TRY AGAIN.

When the hens refuse to lay And there's nothing seems to pay And you're sad and mad and blue, Don't forget the old refrain Just to try and try again, For you'll get there if you do.

When the chicks mash all the eggs And sit upright on their legs And you're mad enough to swear, Now's the time to hear the strain—Brother, try, oh, try again; Just try and you'll not despair.

C. M. B.

"CHICKLETS."

If the mother hen has been properly dusted, she and the chicks will come off the nest without lice. As nits hatch in two weeks, dust her again on time, but remove her from the chicks for thirty minutes, for the lice not killed would be chased off on to the peeps. When the chicks creep under the hen the bugs will creep off on to the peeps. You make a mistake in feeding chicks before forty-eight hours have passed. They have not digested the yolk which they absorbed before breaking the shell. Thus you gorge them, and they die with white diarrhea. Remember they ship day old chicks 1,000 miles without feeding. They ride clear from



"WHERE'S MY BROODER?"

London to Berlin without a crumb and never mind it. Give them water and grit at once and keep them on dry floors for two weeks if you do not want gaps.

The brooder chick should start without lice, but some poultrymen never fumigate the brooder or set it in an infested place. The greedy English sparrows often carry lice to the peeps and in return carry off the feed. These lousy pests steal half the feed on some plants, and back yard fanciers lose more. Thanks to our big tiger cat, who snoozes with one eye open out among the brooders and on the wire pens, we lose no feed to the pirates. Before Tom came we set up a stuffed owl among the pens. The sparrows, robins, catbirds, chippies, wrens and cherry birds gathered in the plum and ox heart trees and did some tall cussing and threatened that long eared owl with dire calamity; but, more faithful than the majority of policemen, he stood to his duty, and not even the cackle of a juicy hen tempted him away. And the birds fed.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Don't be surprised that the poultryman asks for cash in advance. He does not know you any better than you know him, but it is to be hoped that you will not know him worse after he knows you better.

"Does thunder kill chicks in the shell?" Answer: Does it kill chicks in the shell to fire off a shotgun right beside a nest? We've done the latter, and the eggs hatched. "Is thunder a million miles away worse?" Thunderation! No!

The Audubon society is after the cats for killing the birds and wants a bounty put on them. Don't care if they do kill off the cat chicken killers. Say, are all the members of that society married? Must be. They certainly do beat the cats.

Many of our poultry friends are keeping fox terriers. They are holy terrors to rats, minks, weasels and skunks. An Indiana crank declares his two bottled pups can lick an elephant. Rats! Males are selling at \$10; females, \$5.

The clamor of the claimants for the credit of originating the dry feeding method is greater than that of sacred writ where seven women laid hold of one man. But Aristotle (384 B. C.) discarded it because his ancient hens got fat and lazy.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" asked little Willie Drake of his hen ma. "No, my darling drakle. You will get the curls in your pretty tail spoiled, the life guards are not on duty, and this Philadelphia water is neither boiled nor filtered." Tadpoles!

The rascal who kept nonlaying culls to sell rank eggs for spring hatching when any old feather bed lays got it where the hatchet caught the rooster. He formerly had a bonanza, but high priced grain and nonlaying culls knocked him out. May his tribe greatly increase—down there.

The farmers are sprucing upon turkey stock. Buy the best, and they'll do the rest. Prices for birds descended from fifty pound gobblers and thirty pound hens: Old toms, \$10, \$15, \$25; young toms, \$5, \$10, \$15; hens, old or young, \$5, \$8, \$10; breeding flocks, four and five hens, \$35, \$45, \$60. Seems high; but, oh, my, what bronze beauties!

Will some of our farm and town friends tell us why they keep mongrels instead of thoroughbreds? Read this: In November, December, January and February fifty White Leghorns laid 1,030 eggs and fifty mongrels laid 365 eggs, a difference of 665 eggs. They were housed and fed alike. A Leghorn ate 85 cents' worth of feed for the year and a mongrel 93 cents' worth. Which pays? Better wake up.

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